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Career and Conversation of John Swinton

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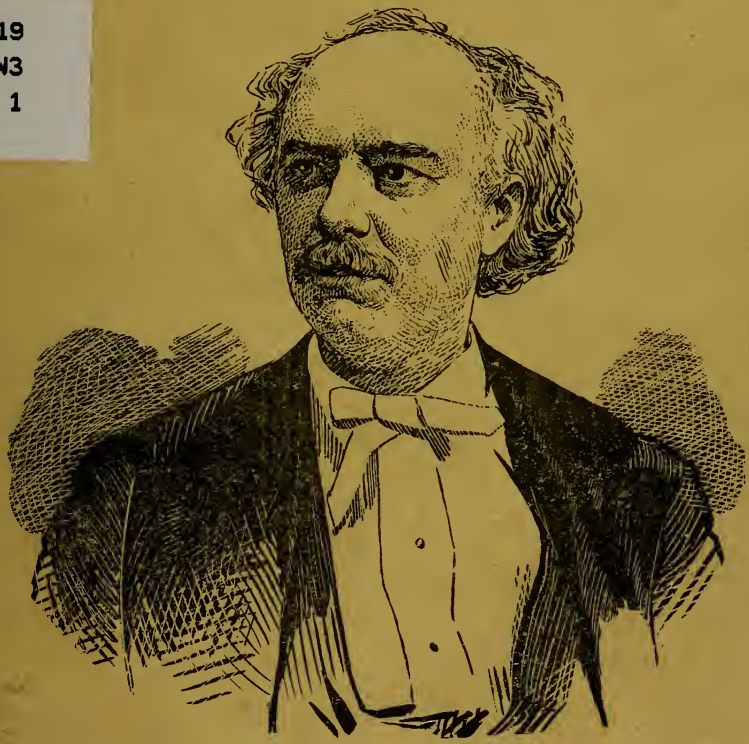


Faithfully
John Swinton

By ROBERT WATERS

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers, 56 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

CAREER AND CONVERSATION

OF

JOHN SWINTON

JOURNALIST, ORATOR, ECONOMIST

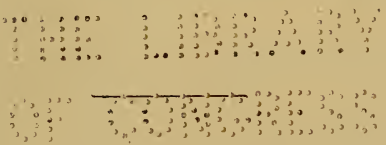
BY

ROBERT WATERS

AUTHOR OF "INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS," "LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT," "JOHN SELDEN AND HIS TABLE TALK," ETC.

"To those who knew thee not, no words can paint;
And those who knew thee, know all words are faint."

HANNAH MORE.



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CAREER AND CONVERSATION
OF
JOHN SWINTON

CHAPTER I.

HOW THIS SKETCH CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

"Why don't you try and give some account of the life of this remarkable man, John Swinton?" said a well-known publisher to the writer.

"I? I am not a newspaper writer."

"No, but you can do that quite as well as a newspaper writer. Why should your account be in the shape of a newspaper article? It might be a magazine article, or a short pamphlet—something one can read in an hour."

"Oh, I have too much to do in my own line just now—I have no time for such a thing."

"Well, if *you* don't, nobody else will."

"Why so? It might prove a remunerative piece of work, and probably one of his own confreres on the press will do it—and do it better than I can."

"I don't know about that. I don't think so; and, besides, there is too much jealousy among the men of the press. They can write better about anybody else than about one of their own craft. No man, you know, is a prophet in his own household. Now, you knew him better than any journalist now alive, and might give an account of him that would show the man as he was."

"That is very doubtful. But if I thought it would do any good—"

"Do any good? Why, it will do lots of good. Every young journalist (and journalists are now legion), and every young man with a spark of intellectual life in him, will read it with avidity. No man ever knew him without being the better for it; and no man will read his history without being the wiser for it. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' you know. To many, that history will prove a revelation; to others, a warning; to others, an inspiration."

"You almost make me feel like trying it. I know that his life has been all three to me. But I feel that an abler pen than mine ought to do this work."

"Believe me, you could not employ your pen to better advantage. The memory of great editors, like that of great actors, dies with them. Their writings are read by the people of their day and generation, on whom they have an effect, and that is the end of them. So that if one who knew their spirit, their daily walk, their conversation, does not describe it, it will never be known. Who knows much of the inner life of the elder Bennett, of Henry J. Raymond, of Dr. Moseley, who wrote for the London *Times* for a generation, of Dr. Black, who edited the *Morning Post* for forty years, or of any of the leading editors of ten years ago? Little remains of these men but their names. Carlyle says that the future historian will have little to say of kings, camps, and courts, but much of this or that able editor, who moulded public opinion and changed votes. These are the men we ought to know something of; and these are the men to whom Henry Taylor referred when he said, 'The world knows nothing of its greatest men.'"

"But I could only speak of our friend as I knew him in my own personal relations with him. I know little of

his relations with the great editors and the public men with whom he had to do."

"That doesn't matter—it may be all the better for that. Every man shows his true character to some persons—much better to an intimate friend and in familiar conversation than in official or business relations. One gets nearer the man in this way."

"Well, as you think it worth while, I shall try what I can do. I shall simply tell what I have seen and known of him as I knew him. If I fail, the responsibility will be yours—I shall lay all the blame, mind, on your shoulders."

"All right, old boy; go ahead. I am ready to bear the consequences."

Such was the colloquy that took place between myself and a gentleman for whose judgment I have much respect. So the reader will see how this story came into being; and when he has perused it I hope he will not consider my effort unprofitable or my friend's judgment unsound.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH SWINTON.

I made the acquaintance of John Swinton in my youth, when we worked together as compositors, and saw each other daily for years. Though this is more than forty years ago, I remember our meetings very distinctly, and especially the occasion on which I first made his acquaintance. He had his "stand" in the printing office with me; and, having occasion to get some type from a "case" close to his, I asked him some questions about it, which he answered so readily and cheerfully that I immediately took a liking to him; and so our acquaintance ripened into friendship. A friend of his told me that he had made Swinton's acquaintance by a fellow-workman coming to him one day and exclaiming: "Come, see a man who will do anything for you—the kindest, cleverest man I ever met."

Swinton's talk stirred me more than that of any man I had so far known. He was full of enthusiasm for noble pursuits and noble men; and, being familiar with good books, an ardent admirer of Carlyle, Emerson, Montaigne and Ruskin, I learned much from him. I think it was from him that I first heard of these renowned writers, whose writings were of a finer sort than I had been accustomed to. "Plutarch's Lives" was another of his books, and many a talk had we about the heroes of that famous work. Enthusiastic, aspiring, noble-minded, he presented a strong contrast to most of the "typos" by whom he was surrounded, very few of whom had any

sympathy with the aims and ideas which animated him. I was drawn to him by similarity of feeling, and probably because he was a native of my own country, full of Scottish lore, poetry and tradition, and willing to talk of all these things. Every young man should know that conversation with men of knowledge and ability is the best education, the surest inspiration to noble thinking and worthy living.

I remember especially some amusing stories he told me of old George Buchanan—stories probably not set down in the books, but more striking and characteristic of that sixteenth-century scholar, courtier, castle-stormer and poet than any of those that are. Swinton was naturally fond of the grotesque and the extravagant; for after his return from Europe in 1890 he related some stories of Edinburgh characters of the present day that are just as extraordinary as those he had told me of Buchanan in the early fifties.

I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age at this time, and Swinton was a few years older. He had enjoyed a better training than I had, so I naturally looked up to him as a person of superior ability. Both of his brothers had received a classical education, and how it came to pass that he had not then been similarly favored I cannot say. Nor do I know how he came to follow the trade of a printer, in which he was uncommonly swift and skillful. In fact, he was markedly different from the printers who surrounded him, many of whom looked upon him as something of a wag, and often made game of his opinions. He was in full sympathy with the anti-slavery movement of that time, while most of his comrades sneered at the negro and made vulgar jokes about the negress. The reader may imagine, there-

fore, what kind of discussion was frequently held between them. Of course, I was entirely on his side in these discussions, and used to listen to his talk with a wondering admiration that I can hardly describe. There was a fascination in his manner which attracted me like a spell; the very burr of his speech, when he got excited, was music to my ear, and I was proud of him as one who stood on a higher plane than most of his fellows.

I was in the habit of telling him what books I had read and of discussing their merits and demerits. When I complained of the obscurities of Emerson, whose "Representative Men" I had endeavored to read, he would take pains to explain him to me; and this gave occasion for much talk about literature and authorship. Carlyle was his especial favorite at this time, and he would pull "Sartor Resartus" out of his pocket and read the book aloud to me. Then he would talk of Carlyle and tell what wonderful books he had written. I think that Carlyle had more to do in moulding the mind of Swinton than any other writer. He drew my attention to his "Life of John Sterling," which was the first book of Carlyle's I read with understanding and appreciation; for Carlyle had so far been to me a sort of Delphic oracle, full of all sorts of hidden meanings. So this book gave occasion for much talk about him and his contemporaries. My favorite author at this time was William Cobbett, whose strong sense and plain language needed no explanation, and I drank deeply of the intellectual wine offered by him. But Swinton did not think much of Cobbett at that time; he entertained notions about him which he subsequently changed. Little did he then imagine that he would himself become a reformer strongly resembling Cobbett in style and char-

acter, and advocate precisely such measures as Cobbett had advocated.

Above the middle height, long-haired, broad-browed, with a dark, keen, piercing eye, full of enthusiasm for freedom of thought and speech, vehement in his denunciation of slavery, and fearless in his exposition of daring views and noble aspirations, Swinton was in those years the very image of the enthusiastic social reformer, such as I imagine Southey and Coleridge were when they were meditating their pantisocracy in America. A zealous disciple of the abolitionists, Phillips, Parker, and Garrison, a constant attendant on Beecher's sermons, a great reader of anti-slavery papers and magazines, he was even then noted among his acquaintances for the impetuous ardor with which he assailed slavery, Bonapartism, Mormonism and every form of spiritual, social or political oppression. Besides all this, he had much to say of John Knox, of Ossian, of Rob Roy, of Paul Jones and of various other Scottish heroes. In fact, like all noble-minded men, he was emphatically a hero-worshiper. Carlyle was right when he said: "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own *littleness* than disbelief in great men." But before giving Mr. Swinton's conversation let me recount something of his career.

CHAPTER III.

SUMMARY OF SWINTON'S CAREER BEFORE BECOMING AN EDITOR.

Born in Salton, Haddingtonshire, Scotland, in 1830, John Swinton was brought to America by way of Montreal in his thirteenth year. Here (in the Montreal *Witness*) the boy learned the art of typesetting, by which, within a few years, he earned his living in many American cities, from Keokuk (at which town he started a little paper) to New Orleans and New York. Where I made his acquaintance was at Thomas B. Smith's printing office, William street, a site near the Brooklyn Bridge, where now stands a fifteen-story sky-scraper. I remember his telling me that he once went with Mrs. Swinton, some thirty years afterward, to look at this old building, in which he spent several hard years of his early manhood.

One morning I was surprised to learn that he had left New York for Greensboro, North Carolina, where his brother William (since famous for his school-books) was employed as a teacher of languages. The two brothers intended to start in this town a magazine or literary journal of a liberal sort, of which they were to be joint editors. A queer place to start that kind of a magazine in! I remember the Carlylean style of the prospectus, which was to elevate and illuminate mankind, and do great things in the line of reform. But the plan came to naught. I do not think that the first number, or more than the first, ever appeared. Probably the brothers

came to see that in that stifling slave-holding atmosphere no independent organ of thought could live, and so gave it up in despair.

During this period I kept up a correspondence with Swinton, whom I greatly missed; but his letters were a stimulus to exertion. I had, in those days, many a battle with my fellow-workmen, especially about slavery and the comparative merits of various forms of government, and I used to give an account of all this to Swinton, who, of course, encouraged me to proceed in the contest.

This was about the time when the Irishman John Mitchel arrived in America and established a paper, *The Citizen,* in which he expressed a wish for "a plantation in Alabama, well stocked with fat niggers." This created an immense sensation in the whole country, and the discussions among the printers at Smith's concerning him and his "niggers" were red-hot. Beecher's splendid reply in one of his "Star Papers" and Mitchel's vituperative attacks on the famous preacher became the talk of the town; and we printers, like other people, were ranged in two camps, one of them (liberal) for the preacher, the other (pro-slavery) for the "patriot." Swinton must have been getting his education in political discussion in these years.

He subsequently went to South Carolina, where he was employed as a compositor in the State printing office at the Capitol, and although an out-and-out Abolitionist, he managed to get along there somehow, perhaps by guarding both his tongue and his conduct, though I have heard he risked his life by teaching negroes to read, under peculiar circumstances, in an underground vault. It was here that he made a practical

acquaintance with slavery, which he subsequently turned to good account. One night a dispatch came announcing the outbreak of hostilities in Kansas and John Brown's attack on the Border Ruffians. Swinton, stirred as if by a trumpet-call, set off for Kansas the very next morning, without stopping even to draw his salary, and, after a long ride to St. Louis and a long sail up the Missouri, reached the Great Plains just in time to hear of Brown's victories over the enemies of freedom. He always regretted he had not had a hand in this campaign, for he considered it a glorious one, and also because the after-comers were never regarded with the respect accorded to those who were on the spot. He became an employee of the Lawrence *Republican* as its manager, and here he remained until the troubles were over and Kansas was admitted into the Union as a Free State.

On returning to New York he began the study of medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, diligently attending the lectures of the professors and making an especial study of anatomy and physiology. His talk at this time was all about medicine and surgery, which he lauded as the greatest thing in the world. The improvements in surgery and the wonderful things done by surgeons filled his mind. He once took me into the college dissecting-room and was greatly amused at my horror of the spectacle there presented. I had never been in a dissecting-room before, and the sight of half a dozen "subjects" in various stages of dissection, together with the sickening smell and ghastly sights, filled me with horror and distress. The memories of that place remained with me for months afterward. Then we went to Pfaff's restaurant, in Broadway, where a

number of Bohemians, all friends of his, used to congregate. Among these were Walt Whitman, Albert Brisbane, William Swinton, Fitzjames O'Brien and Count Gurowski. To the latter Swinton seems to have acted as assistant in his compositions for the press, and this occupation probably led him to think of writing himself. I remember his telling me of the rage of this irascible and pugnacious Russian nobleman on finding that the editor of the *Tribune* had made changes in his contributions to that paper. "Damn him!" exclaimed the Count, "I taught Nicholas to rule; Mazzini to conspire!" I think Swinton rewrote the whole of Gurowski's book on Russia. Gurowski was one of the fiercest and ugliest Russians that ever lived, and I wonder how Swinton got along with him.

It was at this time, while studying medicine in New York, that Swinton began to write for the New York *Times*. His first articles treated of medicine, disease and crime; he pointed them out to me with pride, but he was almost as volcanic as Gurowski when I hinted at any erroneous expression in one of his articles.

CHAPTER IV.

SWINTON'S TALK.

In 1861 I left for Europe, and did not see Swinton again for seven years. After passing eighteen months in England, an equal period in France, and four years in Germany, I came back and found Swinton one of the leader-writers of the *Times* and well known in the literary and political world. He had been managing editor of that paper during the Civil War; had undergone a tremendous strain during that period, and his whole appearance was now greatly changed: his hair had turned white and his face had lost all the youthful freshness of former years. I was struck with astonishment at the change. But he had gone through an ordeal of which I had at that time no conception. Even in ordinary times the position of managing editor of a great daily paper, and "leader-writer" as well, involves labor and responsibility so heavy that few men can stand it for many years. Imagine what that position must have been during the Civil War! Swinton had suddenly, in outward appearance at least, grown old.

Yet, though his hair was white and his general appearance altered, he was very gay and lively in spirit, and there was something of the dandy in his make-up, for he wore a frilled shirt, a kind of velvet jacket and a broad cravat; and he had something novel in his manner that struck me as peculiar. He was well off at this time, and could indulge his fancies. His talk, too, was now of

public affairs, in which he himself had borne a part, and he seemed more American in thought and feeling than any American I had ever known. I had during my residence abroad acquired great respect for the office-holders and public men in Europe, and when I compared them with the corrupt Tweed gang, then in power, the comparison was by no means favorable to the latter. Swinton, however, would not admit that any officials in Europe were better than those in America, and rated me soundly for my European proclivities. I remember our talk on this subject was by no means pleasant; he was angry with me for my admiration of British statesmen and German officials, and at one time I was afraid that our differences would bring our friendship to an end. "You once declared to me," I reminded him, "that the one man you could not abide was the man who agreed to everything you said. Now, how can you get angry with me for differing with you on matters of opinion?" This seemed to calm him, and we separated without wrath.

I was reminded of this lately, when I found that Swinton, after his recent prolonged tour abroad, expressed greater esteem for the men and methods he found in Britain, especially in political and judicial circles, than I had ever expressed to him. He found, for instance, that there had not been for centuries in Edinburgh a single case of malfeasance in office, such as we see almost every day in New York. But I shall say no more of this just now. I may state, however, that Swinton had an imperious temper. Careful and punctilious himself, he instantly resisted the least breach of civility. On one occasion, at the Twilight Club, when his turn came to speak, and the chairman gave his place to a

member who declared he had to leave by an early train, Swinton rose and left the club-room in high dudgeon. "The gentleman should not speak at all," said he, "or wait till his turn came."

During the years I passed in Europe I had seen a good deal of life in London, Paris, Munich and Frankfort. Having become a teacher I had found time for study, and had not only read many English, French and German books, but had made the acquaintance of some men of ability, and learned some things with which Swinton was not familiar. But in conversation he outtalked me beyond all measure, and on public affairs he spoke as "one having authority." He had an assurance and energy that were not to be withstood, and I felt that I was a mere child in his hands. He had acquired such a command of language, such a wealth of imagery, and such knowledge of men and things, present and past, literary, political and scientific, that I thought him by far the best-informed man and the most brilliant talker I had ever known.

Having mingled on familiar terms with great men, "men of action and men of thought," and having himself played no small part in the memorable war-drama which had just closed, he had acquired an authority and a prestige that threw me quite into the shade. For he had made the personal acquaintance of the leading editors, statesmen and generals of the war times; had taken their measure and passed judgment on their actions; had applauded or condemned them as he thought fit; and all this gave him an assurance and an authority which were quite new to me. He was no longer the quiet, retiring, modest scholar, but the bold thinker and

actor; and it took me some time to realize this. While I had been studying languages and pedagogic systems abroad he had been studying events at home and helping to shape the course of a nation's history. He had, in fact, undergone as great a change intellectually as he had physically; he had passed from youth and immaturity to manhood and independence, while I was still a raw and unpolished youth.

So that, when he discovered that the actors on the great stage of political and public life were by no means such heaven-born personages as he had once imagined, he did not hesitate to exercise his judgment concerning them and their actions; and as he had done this vigorously and effectively, in a style such as few writers of the day could command, he had no hesitation in talking like a man who had done his part (as he undoubtedly had) in shaping the course of events and the destiny of his country. Grant, McClellan, Sheridan, Lincoln, Raymond, Greeley, Bennett and other famous names were much in his talk; and he told me things of the inside history of these men which were new to me and which indeed were known to few at that time.

He was full of the "points" he had made in certain articles regarding public policies, political maneuvering, congressional bills, party appointments, big speculations, etc.; and he talked like a man to whom nothing was impossible. Great schemes involving millions he spoke of as every-day affairs, and of men who had gained or lost millions as familiar acquaintances. He sometimes poured out his ideas and experiences with such extraordinary fluency, and told such florid stories concerning publicists and their projects or their con-

duct, that I used to listen to him with some degree of incredulity, wondering whether he was really serious in his assertions or simply chaffing me.

There was, in fact, something of Colonel Sellers in his talk at this time. He loved to excite surprise by mystical or extraordinary language, and at times seemed to take a secret pleasure in befogging one about what he had done or what he intended to do. His talk was quite different from his writing. While he wrote the plainest common sense, he talked transcendentalism, supernaturalism and radicalism. With the advanced reformers of his day he was well acquainted; with Swedenborg and the mystics he had communed for years; with Walt Whitman and the war poets he had intimate personal relations, and with the great authors of the times he had long been familiar. So that, what with the influence exerted on him by these men, and his own peculiar tendencies, he sometimes talked in such a bizarre way that I felt, on leaving him, as if I had been witnessing a pyrotechnic exhibition, brilliant and bewildering, but by no means edifying. His talk was so extraordinary that I could no more repeat it and give the substance of it than I could repeat one of Rubinstein's performances. It was carried on, like the composer's playing, in a whirl of enthusiasm, and he seemed to go off in a kind of rhapsody, as if impelled by a power over which he had no control and lasted until the fit was over.

Nevertheless, his discourse was often fine—a wonderful display of rapid thinking and brilliant speaking, so all engrossing that I seldom ventured to interrupt him. The only man I ever heard who could be compared to him in this respect was the late James Red-

path, who, in some of his talks at the Twilight Club, poured forth such a vehement flow of thought, and displayed such a wealth and power of expression, that he fairly overwhelmed his hearers with his thoughts. Poor Redpath! He, too, was a friend of Swinton's, and like him, sacrificed his talents and his life on the altar of duty.

Swinton once said to me that, in writing his editorials, he was often embarrassed by the fact that with every sentence he wrote quite a new line of thought in some other direction suggested itself. So that, in his conversation, he probably gave free vent to every line of thought that occurred to him, and this accounts for its astonishing variety. He said that if a man lived for a thousand years he could not write down the thoughts of an ordinary lifetime, and that with every thought he expressed myriads of others sprang up in its place. Like Burke, he was a man whose thinking grew and expanded as he went along. He told a friend that he never knew he could speak in public until one day at a public dinner he had to make a speech; and then he found, when once started, he could express thought in a speech just as easily as he could on paper. After that he never hesitated to speak in public.

Talking one night about our own early experiences, I recalled the name of a man under whom we both worked, whose repressive treatment of me as an apprentice I remembered with no pleasant feeling. When I used to go up to this man's desk and ask for copy, he would sometimes keep me standing for five minutes before he gave it to me. The galling part of this thing was that it made one feel as if he were a beggar asking for alms.

"Yes," said Swinton, "Mac was by no means kind

to us boys, and I have pretty much the same feeling toward him. One night, about six or seven years after I left his employ, and when I was managing editor of the *Times,* I was told that a gentleman wished to see me on important business. I gave word that he should be brought in, and in he came. It was Mac, my old slave-master. 'What!' said he, 'are *you* managing editor of the *Times?*' 'I am,' I replied; 'what is your business here?' Our positions were now reversed, and I had no hesitation in making him feel it. 'I have forty men on strike,' he said, 'and they have so abused me and injured my business I wish to make my case known to the public.' Mac then went on rapidly with his story, which I listened to for a minute in silence, and then said: 'Well, I have no time to attend to you, but here is one of my reporters who may write up your case,' and left him. I had no hesitation in cutting him short, for he had cut me short many a time, God knows. I never saw the petty tyrant after that."

"Did you know Cheetham?" I asked. "Well, this man Cheetham, who was an Englishman, went up to Mac one day, when he kept him standing, waiting, as usual, for copy, and he said: 'Mr. Mac, I would like you to know that I am a workman, not a beggar, and if you don't want to give me work, just let me know and I'll relieve you of my presence at once.' We all felt like cheering the bold typo, and I am now awfully sorry we didn't. But workmen were not so independent in those days as they are to-day."

"Perhaps not," said Swinton, "but they are learning a thing or two, and I trust they will keep on learning. Yet there are workshops where the men are much worse off than we were under Mac, who was, at heart, by no

means a bad man. I have known him to do very kind things."

"So have I, but he spoiled them by his tyrannical conduct toward his employees."

"There is another man," said Swinton, "whom I dislike to meet much more than Mac—a man, in fact, whom I dread to see more than any other man living. I mean Dr. Black, the surgeon, who once performed a painful operation on my right foot, and the whole horror of it comes up again at sight of him. I always dreaded physical suffering."

"You studied medicine yourself, did you not?"

"Medicine? In fact, I studied three or four professions. When I was a young compositor reading Carlyle, Emerson, Coleridge and Montaigne, and listening every Sunday to Beecher's sermons, I thought the highest thing one could do was to become a preacher, and by eloquent discourse lift mankind from things of earth to those of heaven; so I studied theology, keeping at it until I found out that theology was not divinity, and theologians were not always divine. Next I thought the noblest thing one could do was to minister to diseased and suffering mankind, and bring health and joy where before were pain and sorrow; so I studied medicine, and kept at it until I found out that medicine was not science and medical practitioners were not scientists. Then I thought I would study law, and at the bar stand up for the wronged and helpless; so I studied law and kept at it until I found out that the legal business was mainly a humbug, and lawyers greater humbuggers than the theologians or the physicians. Then I thought I would become an editor and enlighten mankind on their duty as citizens, expose the evil I had become acquainted with,

and proclaim noble principles of action for all mankind. So I became an editor, and now I have at last discovered that editors are the greatest humbugs of all, 'mere bamboozlers,' as Carlyle calls them!"

This may give the reader some idea of something Swinton was very fond of—winding up with a climax. And it may also serve to show how seldom the reality comes up to our ideals; how we all finally discover that our dolls are stuffed with sawdust and our heroes, many of them, made of very common clay. Swinton determined to establish an editorial chair of a nobler sort—a chair in which there should be no humbug or foolery of any sort—and this was certainly the case when he started the personal organ which he called "John Swinton's Paper." When somebody asked him, while editing his paper, if he made money in it, he replied:

"Did you ever hear of Washington, or Luther, or Garrison, making money by their work? No, sir; only mercenaries live to make money."

When a certain influential New York clergyman asked him if he wanted help in his new enterprise, he replied:

"No, thank you. If it will not live without the help of capitalists; if I cannot uphold it by my own efforts; if those for whom I am here do not support it, I shall let it die."

"Perhaps they are not ripe for it," said the clergyman.

"Then I shall try to ripen them."

How different this is from the conduct of those who establish Success papers purely by the aid of capitalists, whom they ever afterwards hold up as examples and worship as their creators! Mammon has more worshippers to-day than all the other gods together.

CHAPTER V.

HOW SWINTON BECAME A NEWSPAPER WRITER.—HENRY J. RAYMOND.

I have been told that Swinton once deposited $20,000 of his own money in the United States Treasury, as he did not believe in taking interest. He certainly practiced what he preached. But I know he got bravely over that scruple, and subsequently invested his money as profitably as he could.

He was always fond of strong and striking ways of putting things, of pointed antithesis and of coining new words. His "Vanderbillionaire" is an example of the latter. Of democracy he lately spoke as "demonocracy." Of a certain public man, with whom he was once on familiar terms, but who became envious, he spoke as "The Red Rooster of the Rockies," and of another as a "See-saw Scribe of the Satanic." When told that there was some talk of nominating a certain military man for the Presidency, he said: "If they do I shall kill him with two words—that are in the dictionary." On another occasion, while he was managing editor of the *Times,* he was told General Grant wanted to see him.

"What do you think Grant wanted to see me for?" he said.

"To ask you to accept an office, perhaps?"

"Oh, no; he could not do that then. Probably he changed his mind after meeting me, or he had forgotten what he wanted to see me for; for the only thing of any

consequence he asked me was this: 'Do you think the stream of immigration arriving at this port will make up for the loss of men on the field of battle?' That is what he asked me, and I have never been able to make out to this day what he wanted to see me for."

"Perhaps he mistook you for your brother William?"

"I don't know."

I asked him if newspaper writers did not sometimes regret that, with all the ability they displayed in their profession, their names were unknown to the public.

"No," said he, "a newspaper writer does not care to be known; his work is but work to him, like any other; and so long as he succeeds in supplying what is wanted, and thus gaining a livelihood, that is all he cares for. If his contributions are well paid he is satisfied. Do you know," he continued, "that there is a kind of Free Masonry among newspaper men, certain marks and signs, by which they get to know each other? They learn the hand of nearly every leader-writer on the metropolitan press, and when a new hand appears they perceive it at once. For every man that is at all a man has a mind, a style and a language of his own. The original thinker or leader-writer is known by sure marks—words and expressions recognized at once. Just as you know a man by the sound of his voice, so do they know him by the manner of his mind and speech. When a new writer appears you will hear them saying, 'Did you notice the quaint style or the peculiar expressions of that green hand on the *Times* or the *Tribune?* Did you perceive the trick he has of winding up his paragraphs with a jerk, or of striking the keynote in the first sentence?' Then you will hear them analyzing his style, noting his peculiarities, or pointing out his

general fashion, and ever afterward he is known to them. Of course, they soon find out his name, and he becomes one of them."

"Were you thus discovered when you began to write for the *Times?*"

"Probably. After my first article or two Mr. Raymond sent for me and I became one of them. But let me tell you about the first newspaper article I wrote. I was studying medicine at that time (1858 or 1859), and came among a good many writers for the press. Do you know Briggs, the man who for so long a time was editor of the *Sunday Courier?* He was a gruff fellow, but a capital writer and editor, an old partner of Edgar Allan Poe in the *Broadway Journal,* and his paper was popular in its day. It was in his paper that my first article appeared. I thought I would try my hand in an essay on the treatment of hospital patients, a subject that occupied my thoughts at that time, and I sent it to Briggs. I watched the paper every Sunday for two or three weeks, but my article did not appear. So I began to think that I could not write. At last, to my delight and surprise, the article appeared, in big type, and I was so happy that I guess I read it over forty times. I remember I went striding up and down Broadway with the paper in my hand, reading it aloud as I went, the proudest man in New York. That was a red-letter day in my life."

"How came you to write for the *Times?*"

"Well, I will tell you. You know my brother William began his newspaper career as a critic of the histrionic performances of the great French actress, Mademoiselle Rachel, in New York. He knew French well, and also the drama. and was selected to do this work

for the *Times*. He had already made some reputation as a translator. Then he gave me the tip how to write for that paper—what subjects to take up—and so I wrote two or three articles which were accepted by Mr. Raymond. This I kept up until Mr. Raymond engaged me as a regular staff-writer."

"You knew Raymond well. What kind of a man was he?"

"One of the ablest men I ever knew. He would dash off a column an hour and then throw out suggestions to his writers for columns on other subjects. His mind was always teeming with ideas, and he could edit two or three papers as easily as he could one. Half an hour's talk with him was like reading half a dozen books at one sitting. I never knew another man with such knowledge and such a memory. He could listen to a debate of two or three hours and then, without having taken a single note, come to the office and write the whole thing out for publication."

Mr. Swinton always spoke highly of Henry J. Raymond, whom he regarded as a "born journalist."

That night Swinton talked of the temptations of editors. "Why, sir," said he, "no man encounters such temptations as the editor of a metropolitan paper. Here is a man, for instance, who is trying to get a grant from Congress for his million-saving ship canal, or his deep-sunk river tunnel, or his big railroad or other corporation, or his scheme, whatever it be, and he wants the leading journal to advocate it. It may be worth millions to him. Look at that rotten writer, Sweetwarbler, who cut such a fine figure on the *Blunderbuss* last summer! Where is he now? Gone; fallen from his high estate; neither he nor his manuscripts are ever more heard of in Printing House Square. He got his reward, and that is the end of him."

CHAPTER VI.

SWINTON'S DESCRIPTION OF BENNETT AND GREELEY—HOW HE BECAME A SOCIALIST—HIS RELATIONS WITH CHARLES A. DANA.

Swinton described the elder Bennett as one of the weirdest editors that ever lived—a gaunt, gray-eyed man with a forecast of what was coming, what was wanted, and what would pay. Bennett dictated often, but rarely wrote. Greeley wrote his articles with his own hand and gave large liberty to his staff. Bennett held every one by a tether; every one of his writers wrote according to his suggestion. When, on one occasion, one of his writers inserted an article not at all to his liking, he called him up and said:

"What the deil made ye talk in that way? Dinna ye ken that sich talk will bring the hoos about yer ears? Noo, sit doon, and I'll show ye how to write on that subject."

Whereupon he dictated an article quite in an opposite key, and then said: "Noo, keep on singing in that tune, an' a' will be weel again."

I must tell one of Swinton's stories about Greeley, at whom, though he highly respected the man, he loved to poke fun. One morning Greeley came down to the *Tribune* office, and, entering the composing-room in a rage, cried out in his peculiar falsetto:

"Who the devil set up and who corrected that article of mine on Joe Smith?"

Everybody stood silent.

"It has an abominable blunder, and the man who set it up is an ass, and the man who passed it in proof a jackass. Both should be kicked."

The foreman now spoke up and declared it was according to copy.

"According to copy!" roared Greeley. "If it is, you can call me a jackass, and kick me, too."

The manuscript was produced, compared with the printed article, and found to be precisely according to copy. Then Greeley, standing out in the middle of the floor, and lifting up his coat-tails, said, meekly:

"Will anybody kick me? I am the jackass!"

One day, while traveling with Swinton in an elevated train, a beggar came up and Swinton gave him some money. "I always give something," he said, "to the beggars I meet. It does not amount to much in a year. If you give a quarter or a dime to every beggar that asks you, you will find it does not exceed twenty-five dollars a year. That is my experience. It is nonsense to talk about impostors. Not one in ten is an impostor. Begging is not such a profitable business as stealing. It is far easier to steal, legally, than to beg, which is illegal. I have known what it is to be without a cent in my pocket, and although I never thought of begging I have often thought of nabbing one of those Wall street millionaires and saying to him, 'Disgorge some of your ill-gotten gains, or, by Jehovah! I'll throttle you!'"

"How did you become Socialistic?"

"I never called myself a Socialist; never belonged to the party; never was a member of their organizations; never was under the heel of any Socialistic leader whatever. My paper simply represented John Swinton, that is all. When nominated for Mayor by a few men, the

Socialist party managers told their followers to vote against me, and they did. I believe in some of their principles and in others which they do not believe in, and I advocated those I believe in, that is all. I study the world, and life, and laws, and other things, drawing my own deductions from them. I knew Karl Marx personally. I met him in London, and I consider him one of the noblest men and most logical thinkers I ever knew. When I became an editor and saw how fortunes were made by a turn of the hand, by gambling tricks and secret combinations of capitalists, and how all this tended to the impoverishment of the community, I began to see that the whole thing was wrong, and that the entire system ought to be changed. By the competitive system every great manufacturer and miner tries to undersell the other; and in order to do this he must lessen the cost of production; that is, screw down the wages of his workmen as low as possible. So I became convinced that the relations of the hired workman toward his capitalist employer were as wrong as those of the purchased negro-slave toward his white master; and I made up my mind to do what I could to change them, that is all. I had made the acquaintance of Wendell Phillips and found that he, too, had come to similar conclusions. He believed that the capitalist system was steadily undermining the world and deteriorating the race, bringing his countrymen into a condition quite as wretched as that of the negro-slave; and he vehemently condemned it. So did I. I saw with my own eyes the measureless poverty, misery, and degradation of the laboring poor on the East Side of New York City, and I resolved, God helping me, to strive to deliver them, or, if not them, at least their children, from this

modern Moloch, capitalism." I have heard that Justus Schwab had a great deal to do with the making of John Swinton a Socialist. It was he who probably showed him around on the East Side of New York City.

Of the journal which he established to advocate these views, and of the results of that advocacy, I shall say little; but I may say here that although the enterprise failed, and he lost his health, his eyesight, and the earnings of a lifetime in it, he seems never to have regretted having made it, but always recurred to it with satisfaction. With him Poverty was nothing compared with Principle.

Although most people regard his attempt as about as mad as that of Dame Partington with her mop and broom, it was worth making, nevertheless, as it undoubtedly, like all such efforts, furthered the cause of progress. John Brown's attempt to free the blacks at Harper's Ferry was a mad undertaking and a failure, but who to-day will say it was not worth making? Who knows how Swinton's attempt may be regarded a century hence? The ideas of such men eventually bring measures of practical relief, beneficent enactments which they themselves may never live to see.

But he made one great mistake at the outset. He should have been "sure he was right, and then go ahead." When he had come out for Socialist principles and the Labor cause he should have joined at once the Labor organizations and become their exponent, their champion, their leader. He should have made friends with the Knights of Labor and with every other knightly organization that believed in the rights of labor, and done his best to advocate and realize the principles which he and they believed in. Without their aid he could not

possibly succeed. There is no career, no profession, no individual who is or can be entirely independent. We all depend on one another, and every man who would accomplish anything must work with his fellows. An isolated, independent, unsocial man is merely "a voice crying in the wilderness," which never does and never can accomplish any great reform.

The Socialists declare that they saw from the start that Swinton's paper was foredoomed to failure. He had made it a personal organ at the very time when all personality should have been merged into the general good cause. If he had only joined the Knights of Labor and become one of them they would have supported him, which they did not. But then Swinton thought he would have been under the heel of the Boss Knights and obliged to do their bidding, which he could not do. He hated to be under any boss; he must have his own way or none at all. The fact is, Swinton was not at all worldly wise; if he could not succeed in his own way he didn't care to work in any other; he was always ready to sacrifice pecuniary advantages to personal freedom.

Yet it must be said that, although he would not be under the dominion of any union, or of all of them, he never decried one of them. On the contrary, he upheld and defended the unions as necessary combinations against the rapacity and cruelty of the capitalists. He knew that there was a time when factory workers had to begin at five o'clock in the morning and work till dark for $2 a week; that masons and carpenters and shoemakers used to get 50 cents a day for twelve hours' work, and that the unions had destroyed all that; and he could not but perceive that they had done immense things for working people. But he thought he could,

nevertheless, work for them and be independent of the unions. That was his fatal mistake.

Swinton had the courage of his opinions. He believed in them so thoroughly that he was willing to risk his all in their realization. Probably his most marked characteristic was a sort of defiant independence; he *would* speak his mind and tell the *truth* in his own way if the heavens should fall. Many others, who have seen the evil condition of mankind as clearly as he has, have not thought it necessary to offer up or risk anything of their own to improve it. But he put his wealth, as well as his health, into the business; he was sure he was right. His feeling may be best expressed in the words of Frederic Harrison:

"To me, at least," says that excellent writer, "it would be enough to condemn modern society as hardly an advance on slavery and serfdom if the permanent condition of society were to be that which we behold, in which 90 per cent of the actual producers of wealth have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room, that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except so much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages, which barely suffices to keep them in health; are housed, for the most part, in places which no man thinks fit for a horse, and are separated by so narrow a margin from destitution that a month of bad trade, sickness or unexpected loss brings them face to face with hunger and pauperism. * * * If this is to be the permanent arrangement of modern society, civilization must be held to bring a curse on the great majority of mankind."

Some of Swinton's early friends, who have made

money and secured high positions in the world, consider him the victim of a delusion; but what generous heart will affirm that he, in his defeat and poverty, was not more worthy of respect than they in their success and comfort? He sacrificed his all in a noble endeavor to benefit others, while they employed their entire energies to further their own interest. Let them enjoy their wealth; no man envies them; and let him enjoy his self-respect and the respect of all noble men. I shall never forget the scornful tone and amused expression with which he told me of the visit of one of these gentry, a friend of his youth, who had deserted literature and learning and grown rich as the land agent of a money-loaning and land-grabbing concern, which finally came to grief. This gentleman had evidently called upon Swinton to see if he could not induce him to boom with his pen the moribund concern with which he was connected; but when he approached him on the subject he did so as King John approached Hubert; he could not quite "out with the murder," feeling, no doubt, that he had the wrong man to deal with; and so left without clearly stating the object of his visit.

"I could not tell from his talk," said Swinton, "what he really wanted, but I became convinced that the fellow was unscrupulous, and when he perceived that I was not one of his ilk he dropped it." Alas! what changes Time sometimes works in the character of men who were as one in early life.

Swinton's ancestors, for their feats in arms, were considered worthy of honorable mention by Sir Walter Scott—

> And Swinton laid the lance in rest
> That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
> Of Clarence's Plantagenet—

but the modern knight, in real courage and heroism, stands far above them. They spent their energies in attacking the feudalism of force; he in attacking the feudalism of capital, in endeavoring to rescue the victims of capitalism from a slavery worse than that of the old feudal lords. How this tremendous energy of the Scots has been turned from the arts of war into those of civilization is one of the finest things in history.

"When you were on this track," I asked him one day, "how did you get along with your chief, Chas. A. Dana of the *Sun?*"

"Never did any man," he replied, "never did any saint exercise more forbearance toward a far-gone sinner than Mr. Dana exercised toward me. Although he knew, while I was on the staff of his paper, that I was actively engaged in a crusade which he disapproved, he never said a word; never gave me an advice; never interfered with me in any way. Although he knew that I was, night after night, advocating doctrines to which he was diametrically opposed, he never attempted to change my course. I could not, of course, advocate Socialism in the *Sun,* but I wrote there with perfect freedom on all the subjects which I touched. On the day after I had addressed a meeting of some 20,000 people in Tompkins Square, New York, which was surrounded by the Seventh Regiment with loaded guns, ready to fire, and illuminated by hundreds of torches and flambeaus of every description—on the day after this memorable meeting I came down to the office as usual, at about two o'clock, and expected Mr. Dana would refer to it, but he did not. He came up, affable as ever, with the usual question: 'Well, what have you got for to-morrow?' That was all. I never had any

words with him on the subject. This, I tell you, will be one of his titles to remembrance in years to come."

Of Dana as a critic of matter designed for his paper, however, he spoke as "brutally severe." "He would prune and cut to the bone," said Swinton, "and then declare that the cutting was not quite enough." But Dana could praise highly, too. Swinton showed me a letter from him, in which, after speaking in the highest terms of one of Swinton's articles, he said he would not have "lost the last ten lines for five dollars a line"—upon which Swinton remarked he would like to charge him at that rate for future contributions.

The conduct of Charles A. Dana toward John Swinton should not be forgotten. When others turned their backs on him, Dana was still his friend, re-engaging him and trusting him completely; for he knew that Swinton was an honorable man as well as an able writer. Dana had been "through the mill," at the Brook Farm community, and "knew how it was himself." Swinton often spoke of him as a man of rare scholarship and of remarkable attainments as a philologist and linguist.

CHAPTER VII.

UNJUST JUDGES AND CAPITALISTS.

Swinton was generally too sweeping in his denunciations of those who acted contrary to his ideas of what was right. I doubt whether such unrestrained denunciations are of much service. Cool, close reasoning or sound argument is, in my judgment, much more effective in producing conviction. Here, for instance, at a meeting of the Building Trades Council, held some years ago in Cooper Union, to protest against the decision of the Court of Appeals in declaring unconstitutional the prevailing rate of wages and the State stone-dressing laws, Mr. Swinton, who presided at the meeting, began by denouncing the forces which would crush the working man, and then called for cheers for the "heroes" of the steel trades, who were demanding nine hours a day. The *Times* reporter then continues:

"I say, also," Mr. Swinton went on, "three cheers for those brave men in Albany who are baring their bosoms to the cowards of the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn!"

At this the audience, which filled the hall to its capacity, broke loose. They shouted and yelled.

"That's what they are!" could be heard above the tumult. "Give it to them, Mr. Swinton!"

"These are not the men," went on Mr. Swinton, "who fought with the man I have seen standing on this very platform and whose name was Abraham Lincoln. They are rickety pukes, these whippersnappers I saw march-

ing through Brooklyn the day before yesterday on their way to shoot down unarmed men, women, and children. But, by God, I tell you that it will not be very long before these brave men at Albany revolt. They will not always bare their breasts. They will yet use something sharper than bayonet, something that will cut keener than the sword.

"Don't you believe that thousands of American workingmen are going to let those dry-goods clerks, those puny brainless fops, mow them down for very long. They have brawny arms, strong bodies, and plenty of brains, and they will yet make use of them."

"You bet they will, and before long!" came from the audience, with other yells of approval for the speaker's sentiments.

Several of the other speakers, labor men, referred to the subject during the evening, but none went so far as Mr. Swinton.

"Let me tell you," continued Mr. Swinton, "that a judge was hanged in Clay County, Missouri, not long ago, and another judge in Michigan is at this moment looking out from behind the bars. There have been more born criminals among men of the bench than among all the pirates that ever sailed the high seas!" This sally was greeted with laughter and applause.

"The bench has been always ready to sell out liberty. It supported a king in this country until the revolutionists put the bench where it came from. The bench supported slavery in this country until it fell under the weight of it; it now supports the slavery of capital, which is grinding workmen down, and it will continue to do so until the workingmen treat the judges as the fellows in Missouri and Michigan were treated.

"They must take capital by the throat and crush it. Every step in the progress of the human race has been made with the determined purpose of overriding everything that was detrimental to the best interests of the people in general. You will have to overcome four Satanic forces—the Satanic bench, the Satanic press, the Satanic pulpit, and the Satanic trusts.

"Let the laboring men use their forces and they will drive these influences out, as I hope they will be driven out at Albany. They will drive out men like this Paddy O'Brien in Albany. [Laughter.] I don't know whether he is a Fardowner or an Orangeman, or a descendant of Brian Boru, but I do know that he doesn't know the law."

Great cheering greeted the speaker when he concluded his remarks.

Then came Mr. Henry George: "What is the essential principle of this decision? It is, that the State, which is a collection of individuals, cannot exercise the right that an individual may exercise.

"We fought out the question of chattel slavery, and now comes up the question of industrial slavery—now comes up the question of the right to make a living. And what do we see to-day? Armed troops brought in to settle a question where 'Privilege' has the power of the courts and the militia behind it." [Hisses and groans.]

"Shame, shame," came from the audience.

"The fundamental principle underlying the industrial evil is the question of privilege. We have a traction company enjoying the privilege of carrying all the people in this city; a gas company, electric company, telegraph company, and numerous other companies existing by privilege.

"The question we have to solve is to destroy the principle that puts the wrong kind of men on the bench. We can do no better than to take this trouble to Albany in connection with this decision of the court. This is a thing that may occur in Brooklyn, or any other part of the country at any time, and we must be prepared to strike at the evil at once."

Before the resolutions were passed, Mr. Swinton, who referred to the Court of Appeals as "brainless asses," said he could get a judge as good as Judge O'Brien for $1.50, and referring to a policeman in the aisle, said:

"I could get a man to take the job of that big fat man with the brass buttons for half the money."

Now, I do not believe that this kind of talk does any good. It is facts, figures, and example that make an impression, and not mere denunciation of judges and capitalists. When American workingmen come to know, for instance, that in the city of Glasgow, where the city government owns the street railways, the gas-works, the water-supply, etc., the income from these sources, at very moderate rates, is so great that there are hardly any taxes at all to be paid, and that one may ride in a trolley-car from one end of the city to the other, with a seat, for twopence; that in Milan one may ride for a half-penny, and that even then the car-service renders the government a profit of 28 per cent of the gross receipts, and when he compares these things with Philadelphia, for instance, where $250,000 was offered by Mr. Wanamaker for the privilege of running the trolley-cars, and refused by the aldermen, who gave it away to political henchmen (for a consideration); that the cable-car service of New York, which

returns millions to the owners every year, was bartered away for a mere bagatelle, the barterers receiving many thousands of dollars for their own pockets in exchange;—when, I say, our American workmen, who pay for all these things out of their hard earnings, come to know and understand these things, they will soon put an end to them, without much talk about the matter, or about the men who now own them. Time works wonders; and where there is a free press, or where the press becomes free, unsubsidized or owned by the millionaires, with free speech and universal suffrage, such things cannot last. A day of reckoning is surely coming, when the Morgans, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, and the fifteen hundred other millionaires of this country will have to step down and out. When the will is formed, the way will be found.

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that;
  For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
  Shall brothers be, for a' that!

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT—AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT A MAN MAY DO UNDER PRESSURE.

On one occasion, shortly after he had returned from Europe, and while working as a space-writer for the *Sun,* Mr. Swinton performed the most extraordinary feat in the way of composition I ever heard of. In a lecture which he once delivered in Jersey City, he thus told the story:

"It is proposed that I shall tell here this evening something about a new book, and the making of it, and the purpose of it, and the contents of it. The object is to serve those among you who may not be the authors of books, and who are unacquainted with the methods of bookmaking—more especially those among you who have not given heed to the theme of this particular volume, or to the questions that are taken up in it.

"One day last July, when I was busily engaged in my daily work as a newspaper man, a stranger, the representative of a Philadelphia publishing firm, called upon me at my house, and asked me to write a book. It was the time of the great Chicago railroad strike of last summer, and the great coal strike, and many other strikes. That which is known as the Labor question was, as we say, in the air; and this was to be my theme. I protested that I could not do it. He urged me. He told me wonderful things of its assured success.

"Finding my protests unavailing, I inquired as to the size of the desired book. He would have a volume

of 500 octavo pages, small pica type, and the manuscript of the book must be ready in twenty days. I made a computation. There were 240 or 250 words in a page of that size. This was 25,000 words to 100 pages, or 125,000 words in the whole book of 500 pages—all to be completed in twenty days. The task was impossible. My visitor was implacable.

"You may not know that professional writers have their stint of *words* per day. One thousand words are a fair day's task; one thousand five hundred are a good day's work; two thousand are a hard job even for an able-bodied man. I know writers who can turn out three thousand or more words per day; but they are few.

"That illustrious Frenchman, the elder Dumas, was a prodigiously rapid writer, and his daily work averaged thirty-two octavo pages, or perhaps six thousand words. But there has been but one Dumas, and he was a man of genius—though a quadroon. Shakespeare must have been a very rapid thinker and writer; for he died when only fifty-two, and wrote nearly all of those prodigious plays—begging the pardon of Ignatius Donnelly—in about twenty or twenty-five years.

"I am not speaking here of mere rapidity in penmanship, but also of the processes of thought that are involved in any composition of value.

"How, then, could I compose a book of 125,000 words in twenty days?

"My persecutor was inexorable. At last I told him I would try. He demanded the preface of my book at once. I pondered. I was familiar with the subject, having thought and spoken and written much upon it in other years. I hastily sketched a plan as I talked with him.

"He said he would wait in the house till I had written the preface, which he desired to take with him to Philadelphia that evening.

"Becoming desperate under his urging eye, I sat down, and in an hour gave him the preface.

"The first chapter was mailed in a few days. Chapter followed chapter. I worked day and night, keeping up pluck with never-ending pots of coffee. Three hundred of the five hundred pages were written, and time was nearly up. I padded. I put in things I had formerly written. The twenty days were out, and over one hundred pages were yet needed. I had to get a few days of grace. Finally, the book of 500 pages and 125,000 words was finished. Its title is, *Striking for Life.*"

One would imagine that the author, as well as the book, was about *finished* by this time. But the fact is, this feat shows what a prodigious strain Swinton could endure, what an immense amount of work he could accomplish, when put to it. This was what turned his hair white and made him old, when he was managing editor of the *Times* in the civil-war years.

I have heard him say that the most severe, exacting and exhausting work in the world is the editorship of a metropolitan daily paper. It must come out, sure as the sun, every day in the year; and the editor must see that every department, foreign and domestic, commercial and literary, news and editorial, is in good shape; and whether he feels like it or not, he must often write at two o'clock in the morning, or dictate what is to be written, on some topic or event of the day, with the thermometer at 120 degrees in his sanctum. There is no letting up in this business; it is perpetual motion; and even a man of steel will eventually break down in this everlasting racket.

CHAPTER IX.

SWINTON AND INGERSOLL.—SWINTON AS AN ORATOR.

Sometimes Swinton talked of religion; but it would be impossible for me to report his rhapsodies on this subject. One day I asked him plainly: "Do you believe in a divine government of the world, and in the divine origin of man?"

"Of course I do," he replied. "Without that, life would be intolerable. Even if it could be proved that in the illimitable universe there is nothing but matter, and no Creator, no Divine Father to whom we can look for help, then I should say that Man, small and insignificant as he is, is greater and more deserving of veneration than all the universe put together; for he who can examine, compare, measure, and ascertain the laws of the universe is a thousand times more deserving of respect and veneration than any illimitable extent of senseless matter. I can not bear the thought that we come from nothing and go to nothing."

"I think with Goethe," I replied, "that without evil we could not conceive of good; without vice we could not conceive of virtue; without pain we could not enjoy pleasure; that both are necessary to our existence; and that happiness consists in the struggle against evil and in the pursuit of truth and culture. So that, after all, our world is, as it is, the best possible world. By the way, how do you get along with your friend, Col. Ingersoll, on the subject of religion?"

"Oh, we never talk about religion. He knows my views and respects them. We have much to talk of besides religion. Do you know that Ingersoll is a profound Shakespearian scholar, a great admirer of Robert Burns,* and indeed familiar with most of the best literature of modern times? He is an excellent talker, almost as eloquent in private conversation as in his public addresses—more so, I should say—and at his house I have enjoyed truly original and refreshing conversation. You sometimes find there a company of twenty or more people, all interesting characters, and never hear a word about religion."

"What a loss Christianity suffered when that man turned infidel!"

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*By the way, I think the lines composed by Ingersoll on Burns, on visiting his birthplace, are among the strongest, most striking and impressive lines ever written on that ill-rewarded but much-loved poet. I have been told he wrote these verses on the spot, and that they are now framed and hung up in the "chief room" of the cottage itself. I can well conceive how thoroughly Ingersoll appreciated and loved the man who wrote "A man's a man for a' that" and so many other thoroughly liberal and democratic poems. Burns and Ingersoll were intellectually (though not spiritually) twin brothers. Here are the lines:

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
  Of patriot, king, and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
  Was loved and cradled here:
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
  The loving cotter-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
  Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
  A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
  One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room,
  And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
  Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
  Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
  The something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the years,
  As long as day returns,
A tribute of its love and tears
  Will pay to Robert Burns.

"I don't know about that. He makes people think, and if Christianity is true, he cannot hurt it. He may kill some of the pseudo dogmas of the modern church, but he cannot slay Christ. Ingersoll has a faith of his own, as all thinking men have; for he knows that no reasonable philosophy can be founded on a series of negations. His misfortune is lack of reverence, lack of spiritual perspective, lack of faith. A logician and reasoner, an eagle-eyed, big-brained, and brawny-armed iconoclast, he instantly attacks and demolishes any structure that presents a flaw; but he has no sense for those divine things which are beyond the domain of reason, whose existence we know by intuition."

"He was a good fellow in social life, wasn't he?"

"Ingersoll was a good, kind, generous fellow, who loved his fellow-men and wished to rid them of all fear concerning death and after death.

> " 'He had a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity.'

"Though I never could subscribe to any creed," he continued, "I never lost my faith in God. Belief in a Supreme Being, a Divine Father, who created man for good purposes, and a belief in a future state where we shall see again those whom we have loved in this world—this is rooted in human nature, and cannot be eradicated. The universal existence of this belief is a proof of its truth. 'It must be so,' as Cato says; for without that we should become the victims of Despair."

Like all true reformers, who strike out from accepted ideas and the established order of things, Ingersoll was, I think, the exponent of the thought of the masses of the people; and I am inclined to think that he was simply the spokesman for many persons who are dissatisfied with

existing beliefs, but cannot fully or clearly tell why. Certainly he had a considerable following, and found many hearers whenever he spoke. What thinking man can declare to-day that he is entirely satisfied with the past history and the present orthodox interpretations of Christianity? One thing is clear to me, and that is, that Ingersoll has given utterance to the conviction of the voiceless multitude, that the doctrine of eternal punishment is a delusion—a cruel imposition on the credulous nature of man. It is not, as he says himself, the immortality of the soul that Ingersoll denies, but an immortality of pain. No sane man believes in that doctrine to-day. The Almighty cannot be a God of vengeance.

Swinton had, in his paper, often lamented the want of an orator for the progressive or labor party. I have sometimes thought that if he could have brought Ingersoll over to the labor party, the history of that party might have been of a more cheerful character. From what I have known of him, I wonder he did not join that party. I think, however, he sympathized with its aims.

I have said that Swinton's ruling spirit was one of defiant independence. This explains why he so often championed the unpopular side or the unpopular man. Precisely where others recoiled, or held back for fear of losing caste, he would come gallantly forward and take the unpopular man warmly by the hand, and introduce him to his friends. When Henri Rochefort and Prince Kropotkine came to this country, he was one of the first to welcome them to the land of liberty. These were among those men whom the "highly respectable" and the "unco gude" dreaded to associate with; they would not come near them from fear of defilement. Just for this reason Swinton stepped forward and said: "Never mind, my friends; you are wel-

come all the same; come along and dine with me, and I shall then call a meeting and introduce you to the American public." This he did with Henri Rochefort, the banished communist, and with Prince Kropotkine, the exiled nihilist, and with many others. Wherever a friendly hand was needed, Swinton was there; wherever anyone was ostracised on account of his principles, Swinton stood by him. He never thought of himself or counted the cost; he knew Christ was on his side, and that was enough for him; he would go in among poor, forsaken outcasts and speak a word of cheer or comfort to them, or offer them what help he could, no matter what others thought of his conduct.

Perhaps the most dreaded name in Europe or America is that of Karl Marx, the author of that famous book, "Capital." Swinton knew and conversed with him in London; and I have heard a curious story concerning the parting words of these two men. Swinton expressed the brief and sententious inquiry: "What is?" whereupon Marx, the oracle, replied: "Struggle!"

When, shortly after, Karl Marx's death, a memorial meeting in his honor was held at Cooper Institute, where all the nationalities of Europe were represented, both on the platform and in the audience, and where speeches were made in all their languages, Swinton made one of the most brilliant orations of his life, surpassing those of all the foreigners, in which he fearlessly eulogized Marx as a patriot, philosopher, and philanthropist, and elicited the unbounded applause not only of those who understood him, but of those who didn't. The foreigners declared they understood his meaning, though not his words. This was, in fact, a peculiar trait of Swinton's; he could make every one understand him. Marx was a

congenial subject for him; for he was always more or less a student of philosophy, and being a man of wide reading and great power of expression, with matchless powers of gesticulation and facial expression, he could make himself profoundly felt and understood even by those who knew no English. He was, in fact, as anyone could see from his talk, a born orator, who could, on any subject that enlisted his sympathies, fascinate and enchain any audience, native or foreign.

This may be shown by the curious way in which he talked with Rochefort. For when I asked him how he, not knowing French, managed to get along with the Frenchman, who knew no English, he said: "Oh, that was an easy task. I used only those words of Latin derivation which are pretty much the same in French as in English, and made myself quite well understood. If I wanted to say I liked somebody, I would say: 'My sentiments of admiration for this personality are difficult to announce;' or if I wanted to damn somebody, I would say: 'I execrate the malefactor,' and he understood me perfectly. Rochefort spoke in the same way to me."

Dr. Johnson, when on the Continent, spoke to learned Frenchmen and Italians in Latin; Swinton latinized his English for this Frenchman. Johnson's written English was latinized enough, in all conscience; but I doubt whether he could have performed this feat.

CHAPTER X.

JOHN SWINTON'S PAPER.

To recapitulate some of the events in his later career: After the death of Mr. Raymond, Swinton left the *Times* and became Mr. Dana's chief assistant on the *Sun*, where he was employed for twenty-two years as editorial writer and managing editor. When Dana spent a year in Europe, Swinton managed the paper so well that few people knew of the absence of the editor-in-chief. It was during his occupancy of this position that he became affiliated with the Labor party. He often spoke at their gatherings; anathematized robbers and capitalists in his own vigorous way, and became a shining light among the labor people generally. At one time he was nominated for Mayor of New York; at another for State Senator; but how near he came to being elected to either position the reader may imagine. He was nominated, not by the Socialists, who voted against him, but by the United Labor party; and although defeated he received a considerable number of votes. It will be many a year before such a man, in running for an office, can overcome the prejudices of party leaders, the power of capitalism, or the machinations of politicians.

For five years, in a weekly paper of his own, written almost solely by his own hand, called *John Swinton's Paper,* he maintained a desperate struggle against the "Capitalist System," and pleaded eloquently for a fairer share of the fruits of labor to the laborer and the artisan. He and Mrs. Swinton worked night and day to keep this paper alive. They gave up every pleasure

and every comfort in its behalf; spent over $40,000 in the effort, and finally succumbed—victims of the apathy of the people for whom they fought.

Among the hundreds of labor unions there was not one—though they never hesitated to spend thousands of dollars on a strike—to offer a helping hand to a struggling brother who spent his all—health, wealth, strength—in advocating their cause. Yet, how could they? He was not one of them. This man was too independent for them. He could neither stoop to the tricks of trade nor become the tool of any labor organization. Independence was the very breath of his nostrils. Neither millionaires nor trades unions could move him from the course he deemed best and determined to follow. He fought, failed, and suffered alone and in silence.

"The way of the reformer," says Mr. W. J. Jordan, "is hard, very hard. The world knows little about it; for it is rarely that a reformer shows the scars of the conflict, the pain of hope deferred, the mighty waves of despair that wash over a great purpose. There have been two or three recent instances where men of sincere aim and high ambition have permitted the world to hear an uncontrolled sob of hopelessness or a word of bitterness at the seeming emptiness of all the struggle. But men of great purpose and high ideals should know that the path of the reformer is loneliness. He must live from within; his aims must be his source of strength. He must not expect the tortoise to sympathize with the flight of the eagle. A great purpose is an isolation. The world cares naught for your struggles; it cares only to rejoice in your final triumph. Christ was alone in Gethsemane; but on the Mount, where food was provided, the attendance was four thousand."

Though Swinton's demands were explicit enough, and though he aimed at no changes except such as might be made by law, I am inclined to think that, in his endeavors to realize his aims, he went the wrong way to work. Instead of vehemently attacking capitalists and monopolists, millionaires and billionaires, he should, in my judgment, have tried to find out some means of reconciling labor and capital, employee and employer; endeavored to show how each might work for the benefit of the other, and made some appeal to the dominant as well as the dominated class. For, assuredly, as long as the world lasts and talents and characters differ, there will be rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, brainworker and muscle-worker; and the grand task of the coming man is to show how these two classes may work fairly and satisfactorily together. James Parton wrote me that he had taken John Swinton's paper until he discovered that he had no plan of reconciliation to offer, and then he gave it up. So it was, probably, with others.

Capitalist and workman must, somehow, work together, and how this may be done to the best interests of both is what we want to know. Tom Hood, who sympathized with the poor as deeply, perhaps, as any reformer that ever lived, thus wrote on his deathbed: "Certain classes at the poles of society are too far asunder; it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion and place a wider gulf between rich and poor, with Hate on the one side and Fear on the other." This is the true doctrine, the right key to strike, and the only one likely to produce good results. As sure as human nature will remain what it is, "the poor ye will always have with ye," and the question is, how

shall the poor be fairly dealt with? How shall the employer share his gains or losses with his employees? This seems to me the first thing to be agreed upon. One of the best steps in this direction, now common in many large business houses, is that of giving shares in the business to their employees. Could this not be done in the factories, the coal-mines, and the steel trades? It would put an end to strikes, and modify all the evils of trusts and corporations. If you could do that, Mr. Carnegie, it would do more good than all your libraries.

Swinton should not have addressed himself exclusively to working people. The laboring classes did not appreciate him; most of them think there is nothing finer in the world than getting rich, and consider it absurd to expect a rich man to give up any portion of his gains for their benefit. Only an enthusiast like Swinton could do that. He should have addressed himself also to the *better portion of the well-to-do classes,* who alone are capable of understanding and appreciating his arguments and efforts, and who alone are capable of bringing forward measures which would benefit the toilers. If he could have touched *their* hearts, awakened *their* sense of duty, he might have accomplished much; but the laboring classes are not yet sufficiently enlightened to be moved to take effective steps in their own behalf.

Besides, he endeavored to do too much; he undertook the duties of business manager as well as those of editor. Had he had some efficient helper in the business part of the enterprise, leaving him entirely free to do the editorial work, the result might have been different. The success of a newspaper or periodical does not depend on its editor alone, but probably more on its business manager. The advertisements are the life of every paper.

Then, again, there are large revenues connected with a newspaper—advertisements for patent medicines, etc.—which Swinton did not consider honest and would not accept. Though "the way of the transgressor is hard," Swinton seems to have found the way of the honest editor still harder. There are few men in any career to-day who rise to the height of independence on which he stood. To have kept on working, almost day and night, for five years, losing money every week, gaining few friends and losing many old ones, all for the sake of principle, is, I repeat, what few men will do at the present day—or at any time.

Though it failed, it must not be supposed that *Swinton's Paper* was lacking in efforts for practical usefulness. Many suggestions, first thrown out in that paper, have since been turned into realities. Among others there appeared a letter in this paper, by a common friend of the editor and myself, Mr. Thomas J. Hyatt, which not only sketched a state of things similar to those afterward so fully described by Mr. Bellamy in "Looking Backward," but distinctly affirmed that the time would come when places of recreation for the poor in hot weather would be built over the New York piers, affording room and opportunity for the people of the crowded tenements to breathe the cool air of the river and bay, a place for the mothers to bring their little ones, for the sick and worn-out workmen to come and enjoy the life-giving breezes of the bay and the ocean, and thus preserve and renew the life which God had given them for good purposes. This suggestion, of which Mr. Hyatt is the originator, has since been acted upon, though I have not heard that in this instance the honor has been given to whom the honor is due.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE OF SWINTON'S LAST UTTERANCES.—HOW HE SUPPORTED THE LABOR UNIONS.

In order to give the reader a fair specimen of Mr. Swinton's style, and show what a broad, comprehensive view he took of the labor question and its leaders, I think I cannot do better than quote the concluding paragraphs of one of his last utterances in the New York *Herald,* in an article entitled, "The Impending Industrial Crisis," published September 1, 1901, and illustrated with the picture of a stalwart workingman standing with folded arms on the one side and a well-clad, portly capitalist examining the stock exchange tape-ticker on the other. Singularly enough, this passage seems to portray the state of things existing at the present time (September, 1902) quite as correctly as it does those of September, 1901:

"One very interesting feature of the steel workers' revolt appeared soon after its beginning. I refer to the 'negotiations,' secret and open, between the contending parties. They reminded me of the interchanges of two European powers in the case of a serious dispute that might lead to a rupture. They partook of the nature of what Macchiavelli has called 'high politics.' They would have suited Talleyrand or Metternich, if not John Hay and Li Hung Chang. There was a series of cautious approaches at first, and then, after the Amalgamated had given warning of its purpose, diplomacy began to get in its fine work. Messengers of both parties ran to and fro. The telegraph was called into service.

There were 'conferences' behind locked doors. In time we heard of Mr. Morgan's 'protocol,' framed in New York, and, after a reasonable delay for consultation, we heard of Mr. Shaffer's 'protocol,' issued at Pittsburg. When things took on a belligerent aspect Mr. Morgan suddenly sent out his 'ultimatum,' and it was but a few days afterwards that Mr. Shaffer's 'ultimatum' was sent out. Like government Ministers in a time of stress, the respective parties had held 'councils' all along, the advisers of Mr. Morgan being Messrs. Schwab and Gary, with others, and those of Mr. Shaffer being the members of his executive board. On several occasions there was a 'crisis,' and all the time, while each party was strengthening its defences, both parties were looking for 'allies,' which Morgan found in Wall street and Shaffer in the Federation of Labor.

"Then came the conflict, which opened with a series of long drawn-out maneuvers, and next came the events which have been reported in the *Herald*.

"I confess that, in the case of an affair as large as that here spoken of, I like to see it preceded by diplomacies, conferences, negotiations, protocols, pourparlers and all that sort of thing. They indicate preparation; they are an acknowledgment by each party of the power of the other; they look like an appeal to reason; they contain a hope; they are the outgrowth of organization on both sides; they call out the services of men capable of dealing with large questions; and they enable outsiders to judge of the merits of the case. We shall assuredly see more of such proceedings hereafter, whatever may be the result of any struggle between the two confronting powers known as 'capital' and 'labor.'

"And here it may be well to say something about the

so-called 'labor leaders' of our time, for the information of the Philistines. Let no one doubt that there are strong men on the labor side nowadays. As the workingmen's organizations of our country have increased in number, membership, potency and efficiency; as the questions with which it is their business to deal have grown in importance, size and complexity; as unionism has spread until it is coextensive with our Republic; as the struggle between the contending forces has become more severe and resolute; as the danger signals have become more numerous and monitory; as the industrial and social transformation has more and more affected the community, to the detriment of our old-time Americanism, it is evident that men of ability on the labor side are more necessary than they were in the day of small things. The more competent men within the ranks are needed for service on that side.

"A union leader in our time ought to be a statesman, in the large sense, a man of action, ideas, knowledge and character, one who has an understanding of the philosophy of the labor question as it stands in our time and country. Now, I am free to say, after mingling for a lifetime with men of all sorts and conditions, from Wall street and Herald square to the Santee river and Pike's Peak, that the workingmen's unions contain plenty of members whose mental caliber is equal to that of the more prominent men in business, finance or affairs. This remark may be offensive to the Philistines, but it is made here for the instruction of those of them who think that all the horny-handed millions are blockheads.

"It is a fact of immeasurable importance to the 'magnates' that Caliban is thinking, that his brains

have been growing for some years, and that he is learning how things go in this world. It is a fact of solemn and suggestive importance, for there is not money enough on earth to subdue millions of reasoning, intelligent, sagacious, healthy and stalwart men. It has been through the ignorance of the masses that arbitrary men and plutocrats have gained their power. I shall mention no name of any of the strong men in the ranks who have been referred to; suffice it to say that they desire no notoriety.

"Of late years, moreover, the 'labor cause' has been strengthened by a good number of thinkers who are outside its lines, such writers as Henry D. Lloyd, the author of 'Wealth and Commonwealth;' Ernest Crosby, of 'Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable;' Edwin Markham, 'The Man with the Hoe,' and many others not less meritorious. This fact, also, is one not to be overlooked.

"This is not the place to speak of the simultaneous awakening of the proletariat in the countries of Europe, in Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Great Britain. It never had a parallel in the past. The scientific oracles used to speak of 'spontaneous generation,' and now we can see something like it.

"It is utterly in vain for trusts, combinations of employers or capitalists to try to prevent the organization of labor into unions, or to set aside the rights of the unions or to destroy their rightful influence. They have fought the fight for existence and won it. They have gained their strength despite innumerable adversaries and obstructions, through untold suffering, heroic valor and unyielding persistency. They have brought benefits to their members and to all labor that it would

require volumes to describe. 'Crush them!' cried a money king, as he fell from his throne. The money kings will fall first. The unions form the largest and the best benefit societies in our country. They are schools of order, discipline, reason and brotherhood. The enemy may get the upper hand at times; but what of that while the beaten party lives to fight another day? If unionism were destroyed, if the millions of organized workmen who are engaged in all the organized industries of the country were forced to disband and take part in the general scramble at a time of industrial anarchy, be sure that other things than labor would suffer when chaos came again. It would be a bad time for the 'magnates' and for the whole community, and for many a branch of business, and for the public liberties, and for the Republican and Democratic parties—aye, and for Wall street itself. We might even gain some knowledge of that 'impending crisis' which is surely a thing to steer clear of, if it be possible.

"Before closing my remarks I would make note of one thing that undoubtedly has an influence in disturbing the mind of the commonalty in these times. I refer to the oft-repeated public reports of the stupendous incomes of certain great trusts, flamboyant millionaires, banking institutions, big corporations, stock speculators, market riggers and indescribables. To go no further back than the current month, we have had in August such figures of the dividends of the Standard Oil Company and the revenues of the billion-dollar Steel Trust, and the 'earnings' of at least one of our banks, and the incomes of some of our heavy investors or operators; such figures, I repeat, as might well 'make humanity stagger' and cause Crœsus to take to the woods.

"To the ordinary mind these reports, even when trustworthy or official, are inexplicable, incomprehensible and bewildering. Never before, in all time, did golden streams, the millions and the billions, roll so rapidly as now, rolling into treasuries so vast that they could not be compassed in a day's march by all the labor unions in America. The ordinary mind is apt to become excited in reading about them every day, and to ask why it is necessary to cut down anybody's wages, even if he gets two or three dollars a day, and joins a union to keep them up.

"The news of the latest dividend of the billion dollar Trust was printed simultaneously with other news of strikes, more strikes, and yet other strikes. Can any one be surprised that even thoughtless people are led to indulge in thinking?

"I am asked to make a guess as to the outcome of all these big, passionate and ominous labor revolts, which are constantly growing in magnitude, momentum and force. I can't do it. I cannot see how they are to be prevented or put down without a change of circumstances so great as to be unthinkable, or without a change in bodies of men who are beyond reason, or without some kind of change in the relation between capital and labor. It is possible that there may be something in the theory of 'spontaneous generation,' and that it will work out all right in the end, regardless of the lesser movements of either of the belligerents. I can't tell, nor can Mr. Morgan. It would certainly be bad business to use the regular army or the State militia against masses of men striking for life. It would certainly be poor policy to carry 'government by injunction' further than it can be enforced. It is surely folly to abuse and threaten

organized labor in the interest of organized capital at periods of storm and stress consequent upon an industrial and social transformation, when our country is passing out of the old into the new and the unknown.

"I am disposed to guess that the disturbing question of our time will yet have to be taken into politics, submitted to the general judgment of the whole American people, and thus determined, at least for a time, as other grave questions have been in past times."

Let us hope that the next generation, at least, will see this prophecy fulfilled.

CHAPTER XII.

REFORMERS, PATRIOTS AND PHILANTHROPISTS.

Let me glance for a moment at the motives or the mainspring of action of men of Swinton's stamp. It is generally conceded that the great majority of men are moved by self-interest, or, in other words, by the desire of procuring the best possible condition for themselves and their families. Nor is this motive unjustifiable or in any way to be condemned; for each, in striving to improve his own condition, may improve that of others. Buckle demonstrates that he who, in the furtherance of his own interest, gives large employment to others, does more good than he who founds a hospital or endows a school of learning. It is only when this motive is pursued without regard to its effect on others, or to the detriment of others, that it becomes not only unjustifiable, but damnable; then it becomes reckless selfishness and is utterly to be condemned. Adam Smith, in his essay on "Self-Interest," proves that, under proper restrictions, self-interest works for the general good.

What, then, shall we say of the man who strives for the interest of others while injuring his own? What shall we say of the motives of him who, while endeavoring to increase the wealth and comfort of others, consciously decreases his own? Is there nothing in his heart but pure love of mankind? Is there any man living, or any man who ever lived, except the Divine Man, who acted without a grain of regard to self? I think not. The saints were animated by the hope, nay, the assurance, of

winning the favor of Heaven; but I am not now speaking of saints.

Hard as it may seem to say so, I do not hesitate to affirm that the purest philanthropist, the most self-sacrificing patriot, has, apart from the pleasure of doing good, his own peculiar gratification in his work; that one of his motives, perhaps his chief motive, is the gratification of presenting a good example; or the gratification of feeling that he is standing on a higher plane than other men; or the gratification of being appreciated by future generations. I do not doubt that even Socrates and Washington, Howard and Garrison, were animated by some such feelings; and Swinton is not an exception in this respect. Was he not, while carrying on his paper so long at a loss, enjoying the luxury of the martyr for truth, who feels that he is right and all the world wrong? Was he not waiting and watching for the tide to turn and risking his last penny in the confident hope that it would turn? Did he not feel that he was furthering a great and necessary reformation which would carry his name down to posterity as surely as the Protestant Reformation carried down that of Martin Luther? Washington and John Brown knew they were right though all the world was against them; and this was the feeling that sustained John Swinton.

When, in his youthful years, he was working as a compositor, I never thought Swinton had any peculiar or particular affection for the men by whom he was surrounded. Nor had they for him. Many of them received material aid from him which they never returned and which he never asked for; but I never knew one of them who did him any special service. They, no doubt, thought he had more money than he knew what to do

with, and saved him the trouble of keeping it. However, he never lost his esteem for the craft. When, in 1884, a printer submitted to him some matter for his paper, he sent for the author. "That matter," said he, "I shall use as an editorial. This is the highest compliment I can make you: for I never yet have put into my editorial columns a line written by any one but myself." On another occasion, when the same printer handed him a manuscript "for the good of the cause," Swinton exclaimed: "Well, that's a satisfaction for you, to write for the good of the cause; and here's ten dollars, which is a satisfaction for me, to reward so good a worker in the cause." Swinton never forgot this printer, but constantly sent him clippings to aid him in his work, and words of praise for his writings. His name is J. W. Sullivan, now famous as a writer on co-operation, the referendum, and other humanitarian questions.

Many of our greatest patriots and philanthropists were largely endowed with self-esteem, sometimes amounting to undisguised egotism. Conscious of capacity or courage beyond the reach of ordinary men, they had no hesitation in asserting their superiority to others. Victor Hugo, for instance, was one of these. He was not only a man of rare genius, of great qualities of heart, but a patriot, philanthropist and self-sacrificing hero; and yet Hugo was characterized by measureless self-assertion. He thought he could, by grandiose phrases, prevent the victorious armies of Germany from entering "the sacred capital of France, the city of ideas, the seat of liberty, of civilization," and so on. In the same way John Swinton imagined he could, single-handed, and by the influence of a little weekly paper, overturn in a few short years a social fabric which has taken thousands

of years to build, whose foundations were laid before the Pyramids, and whose ramifications extend over the uttermost parts of the earth. The truth is that most reformers, like most poets, have something of madness about them. They will attempt, as easy and practicable, things which other people regard as sheer insanity. To such men nothing is impossible; nothing beyond their capacity; and this is one of the secrets of their power. "Impossible!" said Mirabeau to his secretary; "never again mention to me that blockhead's word!"

Sometimes, to hear Swinton talk, or to read what he wrote, you would think he was making the powers totter and that he would, at no great distance of time, change the face of the earth. On account of his talent and ability I always overlooked this as an idiosyncrasy peculiar to reformers; yet, at times, he would speak in such an extravagant way it seemed strange to me that so shrewd a man, with such rare knowledge of life and events, could form such notions of his power. Most of us are the victims of delusions of some sort, but reformers seem to be more so than others. Being naturally sanguine, they firmly believe that mountains can be removed, not only by faith, but simply by showing that they *ought* to be removed.

Swinton had, however, seen great things done in his time, had helped to do great things, and it is no wonder he considered himself capable of greater things still. Mirabeau, the most gigantic figure of the French Revolution, knew and openly declared that he was the greatest Frenchman of his time. "Raise this head," said he, on his deathbed, "the greatest in France!" So that this pride of uncommon intellectual power, this faith in the efficacy of self-sacrifice, is one of the sources of the

strength of all great reformers. If they were incapable of such feelings they would be incapable of heroic action; for the consciousness that, sooner or later, all things perish, and oblivion overtakes us all, never inspired any man to heroic deeds.

The lesson to be derived by every young reformer from John Swinton's life is this: Keep your principles; advocate them; spread them by every means in your power; but don't throw away your hard-won earnings in a vain endeavor to convert the world to them, for the world is not so easily converted as you may imagine; don't be Quixotic in your battles, but rather Napoleonic, looking well to the consequences of defeat, but never minding what you will do in case of victory; that will be an easy matter; it will settle itself quite satisfactorily. It will probably take a century or two to realize the Socialists' ideals. All great revolutions, like the Protestant Reformation, the English Revolution of 1680, the French Revolution of 1789, had their origins away back centuries before they occurred. And so it will probably be with the slow-moving Socialist Revolution, which is coming, coming, and surely will be here some day, though we may not see it. It is an evolutionary process, slow but sure.

In the last number of his paper Mr. Swinton wrote these words: "Papers may rise or fall; parties may organize, shift around or collapse; men may come or go; the skies may falter or fall; but, for all that and everything else, the social and industrial revolution, now in progress, will advance without pause." Of this he never doubted, and Time will doubtless prove the correctness of his faith.

CHAPTER XIII.

SWINTON'S LATTER YEARS.—LAST INTERVIEWS WITH HIM.

After his return from Europe Swinton became again a regular contributor to the columns of the New York *Sun,* and as long as his old friend, Charles A. Dana, lived he wrote five or six columns for that paper every week. When that distinguished editor died there came into his place one "who knew not Joseph," and Swinton's connection with the *Sun* was severed. That separation was, I know, preceded by a volcanic eruption between him and the new editor which the latter will not readily forget. It was another case of the new king dismissing abruptly his father's experienced minister; but, unlike that of the German emperor and his famous minister, no reconciliation was ever effected.

Then Swinton, after a period of miscellaneous work for various journals, formed a connection with the New York *World,* for which he wrote an article almost daily, under his own signature, on the various phases of the labor question. During the last few years he wrote chiefly for magazines, foreign newspapers and syndicates. In fact, he was for a long time "blacklisted" among the big dailies on account of his Socialistic views, with which, of course, the millionaire proprietors of these papers have not a particle of sympathy. Sympathy, did I say? In fact, the word "Socialist" with them acts like a red rag on a wild bull. It is certain that if Christ Himself came to New York to-day and became a newspaper writer, He would be among the first to be

blacklisted, and by the very same people who blacklisted Him in His own day. But "there are others."

The last time I saw Mr. Swinton I noticed on the upper ledge of his writing desk a "big ha' Bible," and I said to him:

"I see you keep the Bible before you now, John."

"Yes," said he, "that is my chart and compass now. Whenever I get discouraged I take it down and read St. Luke's Gospel or the Sermon on the Mount, and then I feel refreshed and renewed and also fortified in my course of life. Whatever man may do, I know God will not desert me."

In one of his letters to me he speaks of reading the 6th chapter of Luke "while imbued with love for Him who speaks in it," and exclaims, "What a glorious chapter it is!"

When we recall the life of Christ as presented in St. Luke's Gospel—His entire unselfishness, His devotion to the poor and unfortunate, His poverty and self-sacrifice, His utter disregard of the things of this world, His love of the good, the noble, the true—is it any wonder that Swinton went to Him for support? Though not a churchman, nor very fond of priests, he was a deeply religious man. He tried to do what the Master did—he tried to help the poor and the suffering; and, like Him, he was rewarded with obloquy and ingratitude. The large, enlightened, grand conception which Swinton had of our Saviour may be seen in one of his last articles, "On the Way to Nazareth," published in the New York *Herald* shortly before his death. "My feelings toward Judas and my conception of Christ," said a good Christian, "were largely changed after reading that article." It is so short I venture to insert it here:

ON THE WAY TO NAZARETH—A LEGEND.

BY JOHN SWINTON.

It was many years after the crucifixion when an aged Judean, while walking along the highway near Nazareth, saw coming toward him a youthful Galilean. The aged man held in his hands a scroll, which he read as he walked.

As the twain drew nigh to each other, the Galilean saluted the Judean and accosted him. "What readest thou?" he asked, in gentle tone.

"The Law," replied the other.

"Hast thou seen the Gospel?" inquired the Galilean.

"Aye!" he answered, in trembling voice, "but that is not for me. I am Iscariot!"

"And art thou," spake the Galilean, "the Judas of that name who betrayed the Christ?"

"'Twas I!" he cried, in agony and with distorted visage, as he gazed at the Galilean. "But who art thou?"

"Thy friend," replied the other.

"I have no friend on earth or in heaven," said Judas. "When I read the law I am affrighted, and when I pray to the one God, I see Him frown. I am Iscariot!"

"Thy friend I am, dear Judas. Look on me."

The Galilean's voice was gracious as he spoke, but Judas shook as smitten to the soul. He flung himself at the feet of the Galilean, who had called him friend, and kissed them.

"The Gospel is for thee, dear Judas," said the friend, as Judas lay upon the ground in tears.

"Nay, nay," said Judas. "I bartered off my soul and I sold my Master, Him who was divine. 'Twas said

I hanged myself, and it is true, but I did not die, though hanged."

"And yet, dear Judas, know His Gospel is for thee," said the other, with firm voice, to the aged Judean, sunk in despair.

"By what authority speakest thou?" asked Iscariot, as he looked into the Galilean's face. "Speakest thou for Peter, John or other brethren, lost, though yet alive? the men whom once I loved only less deeply than I loved the Christ? Who art thou?" cried the aged Judean, "and whence thy authority?"

"The authority, dear Judas, of Him who was crucified, and who spoke the words: 'No one who cometh to me shall be cast out.'"

"Those words are not for me," wailed Iscariot.

"Aye, for thee, each word, dear Judas, and for thee alike the last cry of the Christ, that all might be forgiven. I speak for Him."

"But who art thou?" exclaimed Iscariot once again, as he saw that love illumined the face of the Galilean who stood before him.

"It was I who spoke the words while on the cross, and here I speak them once again to thee."

"The Christ?" asked Judas. "He whom once I loved, whom I betrayed, for whose loss I have wept these weary years, and for whose betrayal I'll lave my heart in tears till death?"

"Thy sins, dear Judas," softly spoke the Galilean, "are forgiven. To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!"

Judas Iscariot lay dead at nightfall. His only friend embraced his redeemed spirit as they rose aloft, amid sounds of angelic music.

And was it, then, his long lost Master whom he had

met on the Galilean highway as he walked toward Nazareth, where the Christ was born?

Was there ever a larger, nobler conception of Christ than this? Even Ingersoll, had he lived, would have been moved by it.

I may say here that Swedenborg's doctrines seem to have appealed strongly to Swinton; and I noticed that he was married by Rev. Chauncey Giles, a Swedenborgian clergyman, and buried by a clergyman of the same faith.

Swinton had, no doubt, his moments of depression—what man has not?—but his nature was elastic, and he quickly recovered from such spells. He never expressed any regrets for the course he had taken. Over his desk, just under the Bible, he had nailed up these lines from Milton, which he frequently repeated:

> "Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will; nor bate one jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
> Right onward."

These lines summed up his feelings; they strengthened his heart and encouraged his hope. For if Milton, in his defeat and blindness, his poverty and neglect, could so hope and write, why should not he, who championed the cause of the poor, the overworked, and the ill-paid, keep up heart and hope?

When I asked him if I should publish a sketch of his life, he said: "No; it won't pay; the workingman does not read books or pamphlets; and as for the capitalist class, they don't want to know anything of me. You have no idea of the length, breadth, height and depth of the hatred of capitalists at the name of Socialist. And as for the Labor people, they will say all manner of

good things of you, that they love you, and will do anything for you, and all that; but when it comes to *paying* anything for what you say or write, that is another matter. When I went to Chicago, where they assured me forty thousand men were waiting breathless to hear me speak, I found about twenty men as an audience, and pretty soon these twenty, before I had spoken ten minutes, went off to see a dog-fight!"

"Don't they pay you when you go so far on such errands?"

"No; I never ask for pay; if I did, the Satanic press would denounce me as a paid hireling of the workingmen's unions, and so forth."

"Don't you sometimes find appreciative people among these audiences?"

"Oh, yes; I occasionally find one or two come up to me, when the lecture is over, and say, with bated breath, they have had such thoughts for years, but never dared to express them."

Speaking of people who, notwithstanding uncommon talents, had failed in life, I said that in my experience most of those who had failed had some serious defect in their make-up—they were either indolent, irresolute, incapable, or vicious in some way. This he stoutly denied.

"I could name twenty able, industrious, and honorable men," said he, "who once occupied high positions in the world, and you may now find them sitting idle on the Park benches; and there is So-and-So and So-and-So and So-and-So, all contemptible sneaks, who are now occupying the positions of these able, industrious, and honorable men."

Swinton said that, in the newspaper offices, older men

are thrust aside, and the cry is for young men. It is not quality of work that is now wanted, but quantity.

Swinton wrote a weekly letter for the *Scotsman,* a widely circulated paper of Scotland, the editor of which paper, he declared, had treated him more nobly and generously than any other editor he ever knew. The fact that Swinton was the American correspondent of this paper was not generally known.

We talked about a Scotsman who had gained a commanding position in the world. He had acquired wealth, fame, and high position; but he had not a friend—do you call that life a success? Swinton pitied him.

"His wealth and honors are all blighted by that one action," he said.

Though he would, with one who decried the Scots, defend them to the last ditch, he spoke somewhat depreciatingly of his own experience in Scotland. "Scotland," said he, "never did anything for me, and I never claimed kinship with the Scots, but preferred to pass as an American."

"Why so?"

"Why, when I came into the world, Scotland had not a foot of ground for me to stand on, hardly a bit of bread for me to eat, and the kirk sent me to hell, almost before I was born. I could get no education there, except that voluntarily given me by my uncle, the Rev. Dr. Currie, God bless him; and the rest was the catechism, drummed and pounded into me by a man with a big black beard, whom I hated like the devil. Why should I be proud of Scotland? All I am, and all I have been, or hope to be, I owe to the United States. Nevertheless, I love and admire many Scottish heroes, many Scottish poets and prose-writers, and many Scottish men, living and dead."

"Do you know that here in the United States, in all its history, the Scots have cut a larger figure, in proportion to their number, than the people of any other European country?"

"Yes, I do; and I admire them for it."

We spoke of writing for the newspaper press. He said there was such a mob of newspaper writers nowadays that few could make anything out of it—there were, however, a few who could write well. What a man should do was to fix on some subject as his specialty, make a study of that, and write on it. The morgue of the newspaper and the periodical press—the repository of rejected manuscripts—was full to repletion, and a bon-fire would soon have to be made of them.

We spoke of Mr. X. He said that while he (John) was living in a garret on five dollars a week, after the failure of his paper, Mr. X. was spending $30,000 a year to live, and never once inquired after him. John had helped him through college, and this was how Mr. X had rewarded him.

Speaking of Gladstone, he said: "This man, carrying the weight of the British empire on him at 83, making his most brilliant speech at that age, and fighting for a great Reform Bill against the most tremendous opposition, had actually, by his example, increased the life of man at least ten years."

Although Swinton was to the last as vigorous and vehement as ever in his denunciation of tyrants, scoundrels and humbugs, time had in some respects greatly mellowed his character; for he spoke now with large charity of men who were once his deadly enemies, saw good traits in men whom he once denounced as "incarnate devils," and exhibited an ever-increasing com-

passion toward all those who were suffering, no matter in what cause, or of what race. Of the poor laboring men and tenement-dwellers in the big cities, he said: "These poor fellows pay, in one shape or another, more than half their earnings in taxes, while the millionaires, who make thousands of dollars while they are asleep, go almost scot-free—the millionaires control everything, judge, jury, legislature and Supreme Court, and shape things all for their own advantage. But there will be a big reckoning some day! What an outrageous thing, what an infamous thing, that decision of the Supreme Court was, declaring the income tax unconstitutional! That was the millionaires' doing—they will all go to hell for it."

Mr. Swinton was one of the founders of the New York Twilight Club—a charming group of good fellows of various professions who meet once a fortnight at six o'clock for a dinner and a talk on some interesting topic of the day—and he was a member of various other organizations connected with the press, with social science, with literature, and with the labor question. When he appeared at the Twilight—which lately gave a dinner in his honor—he usually made the occasion, by a forcible and piquant address, a memorable one. Lately the New York Social Reform Club gave a dinner in his honor, at which some of the best-known writers and speakers in the country were present. Here he made an off-hand address of a remarkably interesting character, reminding me of the old days when Redpath and Codman, Dawson and Henry George, used to delight us at the Twilight Club; for he spoke freely of all his experiences on the press, of the many famous editors he had personally known, of the way in which they "got

L. of C.

up" their "stuff," and of the defeats as well as the victories of various knights of the quill—in fact, every sentence of this address was replete with interest, full of humor, sarcasm, and wit. Among the letters of distinguished friends, which were read by the chairman on this occasion, there was one, that of Henry Watterson, which was singularly felicitous, sparkling with playful wit and clever satire, which kept "the table on the roar" for a long time. There were many good speakers and much good talk on this occasion; but I thought Swinton and Watterson surpassed all the others.

When Mr. Swinton spoke of his personal experiences, of the men and the measures he had had to do with, he was uncommonly felicitous and interesting; and I regret that he had not the necessary leisure to write a book which he once intended to write, "Fifty Years a Journalist." There would have been some very interesting revelations in that book.

Mr. Swinton died, after an illness of ten days, on December 16, 1901, in his seventy-second year. He left a wife, but no children. His wife, whom he used to call his angel, had been everything to him, hands, eyes, feet—she ministered to him in all his work and ways, went with him everywhere, and supported him in all his trials and troubles. Had it not been for her, he would have died many years earlier. Mrs. Swinton is the daughter of the famous phrenologist Fowler, of the well-known firm of Fowler & Wells.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the one thing, above all others, for which John Swinton should be remembered is the fact that he ever wielded an honest pen, ever spoke the truth, without fear or favor, as he saw it. He never wrote what he did not believe in, never ad-

vocated any cause which was not just and honorable, never penned a line for pecuniary reward alone. He was one of these knights of the quill *sans peur et sans reproche,* of whom there are not too many on the New York press, and commanded the respect of every honest man among them. Always preferring honorable poverty to inglorious luxury, neither wealth nor power could corrupt him, neither flattery nor favor lead him astray. It was Henry J. Raymond who said of him (and he certainly knew him) that "he was the only newspaper writer he ever knew who had not an axe of his own to grind." No man could look into that fearless eye and lion-like face without feeling that he had before him a man of sound principles, of generous nature, of uncommon talents, and of independent mind.

"When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise," said his friend, Colonel Ingersoll, "the kneelers at the shrines of Chance and Fraud, the brazen idols once worshipped as gods, shall be the very food of scorn; while those who have borne the burden of defeat, who have earned and kept their self-respect, who have never bowed to men or money, for place or power, shall wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak."

CHARLES F. WINGATE'S TRIBUTE.

Remembrance of John Swinton.

(*Springfield Republican*, January 19, 1902.)

The late John Swinton was not forgotten by his friends in New York City, where he had lived his intense and emphatic life in behalf of a better social system. The best account of the man and his service is that given by Charles F. Wingate, secretary of the Twilight Club, in the leaflet of the Club's 302d dinner. Wingate is one of the warm and earnest men who have friends in every camp, and has maintained a most interesting free parliament in the unique Twilight Club for so many years. Readers of *The Republican* or 25 or 30 years ago must remember the brilliant letters of "Carlfried," and such as these were, the present utterances of Wingate are. For himself, he is one who embraces sincerity, in many guises, and never metes with his wand the limits of other men's thoughts. Thus it is that the Twilight discussions at the St. Denis, or at Morello's, or wherever the meeting place has been, have proved very stimulating to freedom of expression. This, however, is merely introductory to what he has written about Swinton, an old friend and Twilighter, and he prefixes to his reminiscences Heine's adjuration: "When I am dead, lay a sword on my coffin; for I was a brave soldier in the war for humanity." The tribute here begins:

John Swinton was one of the oldest members of the Twilight Club. He was present at the sixth meeting in 1883, and for some years, until his health failed, he was a frequent attendant. He was always listened to with interest, and he was elected one of the executive committee in 1886. He required a big subject or some sort of opposition to stir his blood. One speech, which he made after his return from Europe, was the most remarkable of any delivered before the Club. The subject was Socialism. Col. Dawson presided, and Swinton electrified his audience by describing the vast meetings he had attended at Hyde Park, and his observations in Edinburgh, Paris and other cities. Everywhere he saw the many-headed and many-minded mob suffering untold misery in silence. It seemed wonderful that they did not revolt and overthrow their oppressors. But he added, "Caliban is sitting at the feet of Cadmus and learning his letters." When Swinton sat down, a member tugged his neighbor's sleeve and said: "Let's go out and go home before anyone else spoils that wonderful speech."

The newspapers have not done justice to John Swinton's unique personality. He was an experienced journalist, the right hand of Henry J. Raymond, in the *Times*, and the no less capable lieutenant of Mr. Dana, whose place on the *Sun* he filled for a year at a time without the public suspecting the absence of the editor-in-chief. He was ever the advocate of the truth as he saw it, ready to speak on any platform and to any audience; before the Nineteenth Century Club, at the Waldorf-Astoria, or to a mass meeting of strikers on the East Side. He was a living exponent of Mill's "Essay on Liberty," and neither adverse criticism nor threats of arrest could overawe him. Lastly, Swinton was a poet who saw visions and spoke in

parables, and he wrote with an eloquence and vigor that were peculiarly his own.

Swinton was a bit of a genius. He had all of Carlyle's whirlwind eloquence, and he liked to denounce men and things. But he had the saving grace of humor, and could laugh at his own extravagance. "Last week," he once said, "I spoke to 3,000 Bohemians at the Cooper Union, and they were carried away with enthusiasm; yet, not one in ten understood a word I said, and he got it wrong!"

A man is to be judged by his friendships, and this violent iconoclast numbered Henry J. Raymond, Charles A. Dana, Whitelaw Reid, Henry George, James Redpath, Henry Watterson and Murat Halstead among his friends.

Louis F. Post compares Swinton with Victor Hugo, and had he lived in Paris he might have rivaled Rochefort as a leader of the radicals, and perhaps become one of the immortals. Americans could not understand "John Swinton's Paper," but to a Frenchman it was just right. On that account, and because he had no distinct plan of reform, the paper failed, and Swinton lost a small fortune. He thought the workmen ungrateful, but the time was not ripe till Henry George came with his positive program. Swinton was a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, and everyone appreciated his self-sacrifice.

Swinton, like Carlyle and Dr. Johnson, was best in a monologue, and I have listened with delight as he wandered from one topic to another, telling of men he had known, or of his wide and varied experience. He was sometimes caustic in his comments, but at heart no one could be kinder or more generous. He was not pessimistic, despite his deep disgust with social

hypocrisy and greed, but like a true democrat he had an abiding faith in humanity.

Like everyone else, he liked to be remembered, and while seeking health abroad he seemed to keenly appreciate the little notes sent by his friends. In a letter from Rome he wrote: "I have read the circulars containing the reports of the three banquets, and I must say that the themes debated and the debates upon them are elevated to a degree that is astounding. Long 'live the Twilight Club!' If I ever get back to New York in health, I shall certainly enjoy its meetings." The writing is that of an invalid, but the heart is warm and true. While the world to-day echoes with praises of Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan for their munificent gifts to found libraries, hospitals and colleges, let us not forget the men who gave their lives to the cause of the people.

Swinton was negative in nothing, but a stanch believer. He wrote to a friend: "You ask me to give you the title of any book that has been a comfort in sorrow. I answer, the Bible." On another occasion he wrote to a friend in affliction: "I send you my truest and most tender condolence over the death of your young and loved daughter. Doubt not that you will see her again." His friends will rejoice to think that while his end was racked with pain, he faced the great ordeal with faith and fortitude.

When people talk of this or that successful editor, I feel that Horace Greeley, Henry George and John Swinton will be remembered long after the money-grabbing news-gatherers are forgotten. These great editors were all prophets, not waiters.

OTIS H. WILMARTH'S TRIBUTE.

Brooklyn Citizen, March 30, 1902.

JOHN SWINTON.

Dead! the great heart is now at rest,
Throbless within the silent breast,
Where raged the flames intense and strong
Of love for all who suffer wrong.

No more shall yield the teeming brain
Its fruits of winnowed golden grain;
Food for the unassertive meek,
And balm for natures shorn and weak.

No more his clarion voice shall plead,
No more his spirit intercede
For those who share the menials' doom:
In spheres of light to dwell in gloom.

His magic pen shall trace no more
The sorrows of the blameless poor,
Nor flood with sympathetic cheer
Their sunless human atmosphere.

No more his Spartan soul shall dare
Oppression's hydra in its lair,
Or meet the vampire of his race,
Injustice, rampant, face to face.

Friend of the legions born to wear
The yoke of servitude and care;
Hope for the lame and impotent;
Voice for the speechless innocent;

Peace to thy ashes, and renown;
Thine be the benefactor's crown;
The music of thy deeds shall sound
Wherever human hearts are found.

THE END.

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